

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young:
Perhaps we may, for ought we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well—
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others' faults I tell;
And, though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short-comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

REBECCA THE DRUMMER.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the first ship appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do! Would she tack about in the bay to pick up strange coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston was unpleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitor to go and take the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though afterwards it had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in this little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing place in those days, and the harbor was full of snacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Windsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had discovered the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. Sheat once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung around at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, net and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded in carts, and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! No ship to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! Then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of a team, and the women and children were hurried off into the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-house as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gray and red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company coming with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Windsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! If I were only a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them, and look at their guns!"
"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use my father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat, and the sloop."
"Yes; and all the boats."
"It's too bad, isn't it!"
"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not raise a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"
"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in the town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shout and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh, then let's—"
"See! the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh, oh, they are going to burn her!"

"Isn't it mean?"
"It's too bad!—too—"
"Where is the drum?"
"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"
"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and bushes. Come, let's—"
"Oh, look! look! The sloop's a-fire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like—"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps—"
"Well, let's. There's the fire too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and then we'll—"
No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed the two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks, and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Sons and husbands were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer.

Mrs. Bates intent on the scenes outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the North and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of the sight of the boats, and of the ship also. Luckily she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could toward the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Won't they see us?"
"No; we'll walk next to the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—one, two!" Drum! squeak! I! drum! I! squeak! I! squeak! I!

"Forward—march!"
"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.
"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips!"

Drum! drum! I! drum! I! squeak! I! squeak! I! squeak! I!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of the sturdy drum and sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boat heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! The people were coming down the Point with cannons, to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played 'Yankee Doodle,' that horrible tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore.

In grim silence marched the two girls

—plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled in their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong. How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste, to get out of the place and escape to their ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open fire on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time.

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.—*American Rural Home.*

An Adroit Pickpocket.

A correspondent of the Kansas Times writes: On Tuesday the entire population went over to see Queen's great show and have a nice time. A young lady from across the Jersey took her suitor and an opera glass. The young lady said she thought the performance real romantic until she stopped to see the elephant. She wore one of those pocket-knives, she had deposited an apple, a handful of peanuts, quarter pound of gumdrops, a little bottle of ammonia and some other trifles. She and her swain, after admiring the complexion of the huge beast, turned their backs upon him to watch the monkeys and the live kangaroo, and gaze into each other's eyes; to do this the better they leaned back against the rope which enclosed the stately monarch, who saw the apple protruding from the pocket of the unconscious fair one. He hesitated a moment and was lost to all sense of honor or self-respect, for with shuffling movement he emulated the example of our common mother, plucked and ate the fruit, returned to the pocket and scooped out the gum drops and peanuts, with a sly wink at his nephew, who was looking on with anxiety at the proceedings. But in the last mouthful the majestic beast took in the ammonia bottle by mistake, the cork came out and about an ounce of hartshorn ran down the throat of the greedy beast. This beverage is said to have a reviving and stimulating influence and in this case it proved its power, for a more revived elephant never was seen on earth. With a wild yell he grabbed the protuberance behind the lady which had been the cause of [the disaster; she was "pulled back" some before, but as the exasperated trunk yanked at the bustle and accessories, all former attempts at that style of wearing gear seemed pale and sickly; everything was "pulled back" until the young woman looked like the statue of Niobe in blue calico. The young man with great presence of mind shouted "shoo" and the gentlemanly clerk of the elephant, with a long prod, persuaded the beast to let up. But the fun was over for the day, cake had no charms, soda no balm for these two souls, who walked home with but a single thought about wild animals.

"Brethren," said a good Baptist in Indiana, while giving his experience, "I've been a trying this night onto forty years to serve the Lord and get rich, both at once; and I tell yer all, I find it's mighty hard shooting."

When a man wants a plug of tobacco the grocery three-fourths of a mile off is only a step, but if his wife wants a drink of cool water from a neighbor's well opposite, by some mysterious agency that well suddenly becomes moved more than half a mile away.

The Power of Kindness.

Walking down a country lane the other morning, I heard a gentle whistle behind me, and almost simultaneously a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from a neighboring field. Turning round, I was about to retrace my steps toward a man whom I saw standing by a field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed and given the call, when a pony dashed past me at full gallop on the opposite side of the fence towards the gate, and before I had gone many yards, was being quietly led out by the man. Feeling interested, not to say delighted, at this proof of the power of kindness—for such I had no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience—I questioned the man, who, seeing that I was interested told me that, having been accustomed to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle which I had just seen the effect; that many others had likewise tried to call him, but always signally failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He acknowledged that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence another groom having to catch the pony would attempt the call, but whistle and chirp as he would, it was no use; he was always obliged to enter the field, basket in hand, and so lure it towards the halter.—*J. A., Animal World.*

The Temple of Diana.

Ephesus, one of the twelve Indian cities of Asia Minor, was famous in antiquity as containing one of the seven wonders of the world, the great temple of Artemis, or Diana. From very early times Ephesus was a sacred city; the fable ascribed its foundation to the Amazons, and the Amazonian legend is connected with Artemis. The first Indian colonists in Lydia found the worship of the goddess established here in a primitive temple, which was soon superseded by a magnificent structure. The Grecian temple was seven times restored at the expense of all the Greek communities in Asia Minor. In the year 456 B. C. it was burned to the ground, but again rebuilt in a style of far greater splendor than before, the work extending over 200 years. This later temple was 435 feet long and 230 feet wide. "The foundations were sunk deep in marshy ground, as a precaution against earthquake," says Pliny. There was two rows of columns at the sides, but the front and back porticoes consisted of eight rows of columns, placed four deep. Outside, at the entrance to the temple, stood a basin of porphyry, fifteen feet in diameter, for the worshippers to lave and purify themselves in. The internal decoration was of the most sumptuous kind. The cedar roof was supported by pillars of jasper. The doors were of cypress. The altar was the work of Praxiteles, and it was surrounded by many statues, one of them gold. The image of the goddess herself, was roughly hewed out of wood, black with age and greasy with the oil with which it was customary to anoint it. When the Apostle Paul visited Ephesus in the middle of the first century the worship of Diana still flourished there, and the temple retained all its original splendor. Pilgrims to the venerated abode of the goddess used to buy little models of the temple in silver, or precious stones, as mementos of their visit, and as amulets to insure to them the protection of the Ephesian Diana. The Goths sacked the city and burned the temple about 200 years later, and in the reign of Theodosius I., toward the end of the fourth century, the furious zeal of the iconoclasts, or image-breakers, completed the destruction. The ancient city almost entirely disappeared before the modern era, the very site of the temple being lost.

TRIAL OF MR. TONGUE.—Mr. Tongue was charged with being "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and in proof of the charge, the law-book was produced, and a passage cited from James iii., 8. The defendant replied that if it were not for Mr. Heart, who lived a little way below him, he should be as innocent as his neighbors, Mr. Nose and Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his position he cited a passage from the same law-book, Matt. xv., 18. The Court decided that the defence was a sound one, and that nothing really good could be expected from Mr. Tongue until a radical change should take place in his neighbor Heart.

Carlyle did not exactly say "Go West" to a Californian who recently visited him—of course he could not advise the man to jump into the Pacific—but he did say this: "You are doing no good there; you are harming the world. Cover over your mines, leave your gold in the earth, and go to planting potatoes. Every man who gives a potato to the world is the benefactor of his race, but you, with your gold, are overturning society, making the ignoble prominent, increasing everywhere the expenses of living, and confusing all things."

Why is the letter q the handiest in the alphabet? Because when it is in use you always find it before u.

Geese Full of Fun.

A goose has, perhaps, the keenest appreciation of humor of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy, the fox. A writer says he once saw in a little grassy paddock some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow, open gate gave entrance into the farm-yard, and, as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylae. Obviously, supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded without paying toll. First there came up a jolly, good-humored little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched to get a bite at him, and, squalling and yelling, the poor, little pucker ran the gauntlet. The same fate befell six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the *corps de garde* of geese, whose chattering, and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent, wide-awake manner which so completely distinguishes the intellectual pig from the mere swine multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate, when a large, gray goose made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with the squalls of agony of the injured pig and the ecstatic peens of the whole flock of geese in chorus. From the order in which the transaction took place, we derive the impression that a similar game of Prisoner's Base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening.

How a Moth Travels.

We all know the little creatures that do so much damage to our woollens and furs, but few of us have ever studied their habits enough to see how they move. A correspondent thus describes their means of locomotion: I wonder if any of our After Supper Talkers ever saw a moth travel. Having had occasion to change my place of residence last fall, I found myself the occupant of rooms in which moths had congregated in great numbers. Every crack and crevice in the wall near the stove-pipe, and about the windows where the sun shone, appeared to have a tenant of this species.

As I had always considered the moth an inhabitant of close places where woollens were kept, I was surprised at the presence of my little neighbors, and although I felt it my duty to destroy them, became much interested in watching their motion. One day I would sweep down all that were in sight and consign them to the flames, and find as many more the next morning hanging by their heads to the ceiling above, or suspended midway to the floor upon the end of a web like a spider.

I would also find them upon the window glass taking journeys, which they accomplished by protruding a pointed head from out of their shell-like bodies, composed of joints, or layers, with open spaces between. This would be extended upon the glass an eighth of an inch in length, I should think without actual measurement; then sticking to the glass with the end of this pointed protrusion, they would raise the body similar to the movement of an inch worm; then they would flatten the lower extremity against the glass and repeat the process of extending the head, and in this manner would travel across a small pane of glass in a short time.

In returning from their travels, they proceeded backward by reaching their heads down upon one side, as far as they could reach, and then letting the body fall that distance. Once when one was crawling on the window sill, I touched it with my finger, when it drew its head into its shell, turned upon its back, evidently watching me, as by close observation I saw a slight vibration within the opening.—*Advance.*

A PHYSICIAN'S CURIOUS FEE.—In Philadelphia there lives an old woman who for years has been sick. A physician has offered to cure her of her malady for \$3,000. This sum of money the woman was unable to get, so the Doctor informed her that for 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps he would effect the cure. The old woman at once set about procuring the stamps, and it coming to the ears of the boys and girls of the High School and of the schools in Manayunk and Germantown, they began to help in the attainment of this much desired object. One girl has already hand-

ed over 1,300 and others are even ahead of that figure. "Two young ladies from Roxboro," says the Pottstown Ledger, while on a visit to the house of our Phoenixville correspondent, "went through" a waste basket of letters and pocketed every visible stamp, their deft fingers peeling off the government duties with wonderful rapidity." The 1,000,000 stamps, when collected, are to be pasted on a pedestal and exhibited at the Centennial.

"Vot You Lives on, Anyways?"

A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon keeper. The note becoming due he took it to the party and presented it for payment. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave when the German said:

"Shoost wait von leedle whiles, unt I gifs you ein glass goot peet."

"No, I thank you; I don't drink beer," was the reply.

"Vell, den, gives you veskees that is petter as so mooch."

"No, thank you, I don't drink whis key."

"Sho! den, I know how I fix you, I haf goot vines," jerking down a bottle with a flourish.

Again the quiet "No, thank you, I don't drink wine."

"Vot! you don trinks noddings; vell I gifs you ein goot Shegar, I don't smoke!"

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands, "no peers, no veskees, no vines, no tobacco, no noddings—vot you lives on, anyways—potatoes, eh?"—*Toledo Blade.*

What I Have Seen.

An old man of much experience says: I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a young man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the counsels of the wise, and advice of the good, and his career ended in poverty and wretchedness.

The little stream when it enters the sea proclaims its arrival. The river orms the junction in silence.

WHERE shall we buy our Summer Clothing is the great and momentous question which is now agitating the public mind. To those uninitiated we would say:

Go where the Salesroom is well Lighted.

Go where every Garment is Guaranteed to fit.

Go where you will find the Largest Assortment.

Go where the Styles are the Newest.

Go to the Well Established Firm of

BECKER BROS.

For your Clothing, Hats and Caps, BOOTS & SHOES, AND Dry Goods.

They also keep large assortments of

CARPETS,

AND Oil Cloths.

Which will be sold as cheap as can be bought west of New York.

J. F. BECKER, D. D. BECKER. Mexico, May 26, 1874.

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NEW CARRIAGE FOR SALE, CHEAP.—I have a new double carriage which I will sell very cheap for cash or a good note. MRS. E. E. MENTER. Mexico, July 6, 1875.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the moneys secured to be paid on the 6th day of May, 1874, by a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 6th day of May, 1873, made and executed by Albert House, of Williamstown, Oswego county, New York, of the first part, to John Driggs, of Mexico, in said county and State, of the second part, to secure to said John Driggs, his heirs and assigns the payment of the sum of one thousand dollars with interest in one year from the date of said mortgage according to the conditions contained in said mortgage;

And whereas said mortgage, with the power of sale therein contained was duly acknowledged and recorded in the office of the Clerk of said county of Oswego, on the 26th day of May, 1873, in Book No. 98 of Mortgages on page 536, and the same is now owned and held by said John Driggs, mortgagee; And whereas there is claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage by the terms and conditions thereof, the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00), and interest thereon from May 6th, 1874, to the time of the first publication of this mortgage; And no suit or proceedings at law have been commenced to recover the said amount or any part thereof owing upon said mortgage;

And whereas default has been made in the payment of the moneys secured to be paid on the 6th day of May, 1874, by a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 8th day of March, 1872, made and executed by Albert House and Julia House, his wife, of the town of Williamstown, Oswego county, New York, of the first part, and Daniel Edick and Cornelius Edick, of Parish, in said county and State, of the second part, to secure to said Daniel Edick and Cornelius Edick, mortgagees, their heirs and assigns, the payment of the sum of five hundred and eighty-eight dollars and forty-five cents, (\$588.45) as follows, viz.: "One hundred dollars, March 8th, 1873, and one hundred dollars annually thereafter until he shall be paid with interest annally on all sums unpaid";

And whereas said last mortgage with the power of sale contained therein, was duly acknowledged and recorded in the office of the Clerk of said county of Oswego, on the 26th day of March, 1872, in Book No. 94 of Mortgages, on page 110; And whereas said mortgage was duly assigned and transferred by public auction, to the highest bidder, at the Banking House of Steele & Morse, in the village and town of Williamstown, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 9th day of October, 1875, at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day;

The premises are described in both of said mortgages as follows, viz.: All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Williamstown, county of Oswego and State of New York, being part of lot No. 108, said town of Williamstown, commencing at the S. E. corner of said lot No. 108, and runs thence northerly along the E. line of said lot until it intersects the line of lands belonging to the one, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad Company; thence westerly along the line of lands belonging to said railroad company until the said line intersects the center of the highway running from the Kasasag depot to the old Rome & Oswego Plank road; thence along the center of said highway southerly to a stake standing in a hemlock stump, on the hill, near Mike Powers; thence at a right angle with said highway towards the south line, thence parallel with said highway to the original south line; thence along the south line to the place of beginning, leaving ten acres on the south-west corner, the same being sold to William Canfield by Daniel and Cornelius Edick.—Dated July 15th, 1875.

JOHN DRIGGS, Mortgagee and Assignee.

W. H. STEELE, Atty., Williamstown, N. Y.

The Syracuse Standard is an able, reliable and wide-awake paper—one of the very best of our exchanges—and we are pleased to note its success.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT: The Standard is a valuable exchange, wide awake, vigorous, independent, and yet staunch in its defense of the republican faith. It is an honor to a section of the State where enterprising journalism is the rule.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

With its clean, bright appearance and variety of interesting news, the Standard ranks among the best of our State papers.—*Albany Argus.*

It is a good-looking paper, full of enterprise and up to the new age in its every editorial. We are pleased to see this evidence of its prosperity.—*Ogdensburg Journal.*

The

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Deaf-Mutes in Convention.

Much has been written against the tendency of deaf-mutes to assemble, on certain occasions, in some attractive locality, and spend two or three days in enjoyment and profit. That each individual attendant obtains the object which he sought, there cannot be any doubt. Objections to these gatherings, take the ground that the perceptible harm, is in the influence; it may develop a fearful tendency to clannishness, which our well-meaning critics earnestly deplore. But scattered as the mutes in the main are, it passes us how this tendency, even if it exists and grows old from repeated encouragement, can manifest itself otherwise than in future conventions, which are of short duration, with long intervals between, and end almost where they begin.

We hear of literary and Christian associations of deaf-mutes, in various parts of the country, having, necessarily, each a small attendance, and cannot be an outgrowth of deaf-mute conventions. On the contrary, they are a proof of the advanced state of deaf-mute instruction in the country. Their general discontinuance would show a retrogradation in the art, to which our most uncompromising opponents are hardly prepared to submit. The deaf-mute, whatever he may have been before, is now no fool. He knows that the world moves and this too in a sense other than the astronomical one. To get the greatest good out of life that he honestly can, he is beginning to observe as a chief aim. And what man can do more. The practical ways may indeed clash with the carefully prepared plans of the theorist, himself generally not fitted by nature to thoroughly sympathize with his subject. Yet what if they do, so long as the desired results are attained.

Our conventions have one use which, we hope, no one will deny, and which we are not disposed to conceal. They furnish opportunities for the general public to get acquainted with us. Any great triumph of education here finds its best place of exhibition. People first observe from curiosity, doubtless, but finally look with interest. And there are always things that challenge their observation. Despite the large number of deaf-mutes in this State and the frequent mention made of their institutions in the public press, it is surprising how little is known of the class among the masses; and we have yet to hear of the city in which our conventions have been held that was not thankful for the insight afforded its citizens. They are aware of the annual appropriations made for the support of the institutions, and they are not displeased when they see the result of the expenditure of the money.

At the Watertown Convention there were deaf-mutes who mingled in the higher walks of society there; they attended balls, parties and private social gatherings, and even a wedding was not allowed to pass without the attendance of some of them. On each of these occasions they bore themselves as ladies and gentlemen, and no observer, however critical, could say their surroundings appeared foreign to them. Interesting themselves—all it novelty if you choose—they could interest others, and the impression they left will be favorable and lasting. With the continuance of these conventions for scores of years, a time will come after we and every reader are dead and gone, when society in general will come to understand, what is now confined to a local few.

Again, our conventions help us to get better acquainted with ourselves. With the example directly before us, the lesson taught and the feelings roused cannot

fail of being impressive in the highest sense of the word; while the amount of food furnished for after thought may safely be left to conjecture.

At Watertown there was present a deaf, dumb and blind man, of whom no one seems to have heard. He is quite old, and lost his sight some twelve years ago. Yet his discerning and conversational powers are remarkable. Introduced to a man he never had seen and never had heard of, he would converse a few minutes and should the man come around again, just as soon as he felt the manner of motions used by the man in sign making, this blind mute could tell his name. By feeling your hand as you rapidly spelled something, he could make it out; and when you talked to him in signs he had only to feel your arms, and to follow the motions to understand.

From Ohio we hear that it has been resolved to have an exposition of the product of deaf-mute handicraft at the next gathering (1879). This is something new, but very good, and will be a great attraction. And we confidently expect a great deal of good to come out of it, but in a manner, we think, very few suspect. If alive and capable of traveling at that distant day, we shall attend; and if able to hold a pen, we will have our say.

An Interesting Story.

Elsewhere in this week's issue we publish two chapters of the Story entitled "The Beautiful Mormon, or Among the Colorado Indians." To those who enjoy a really good and spicy romance, a perusal of the above-named story will afford them much pleasure. The balance of this interesting story may be eld by sending one dollar to Davis & Elverson, publishers and proprietors of *Saturday Night*, Philadelphia, Pa.

New England Items.

Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., preached to the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, in the vestry of Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 3. Twenty mutes were present, including a number from Marblehead, Swampscott, and Beverly. The Prof. preached from Luke 11. 78—79, and his discourse was instructive and interesting.

Mr. Wm. Bailey, late of Marblehead, Mass., has removed to Saco, Maine, by invitation of the Biddeford and Saco Deaf-mute Christian Association, who desired his permanent services as leader, after having heard him at intervals for a year or more. There is a thriving and intelligent community of over twenty mutes in the two places, and their Society is an active and beneficent one.

Mr. Wm. B. Swett, of Marblehead, who has been disabled for nearly a year, by inflammation of the eyes, with a general debility entailing much suffering upon him, has recovered so far as to be able to get about again, with the loss of one eye, and some injury to the other. Care and patience, it is hoped, will enable him to retain the use of one of his eyes, and his bodily health is returning quite rapidly.

The Marblehead Deaf-mute Association, disorganized by the emigration of Mr. Bailey, and the sickness of Mr. Swett, its two leaders, has discontinued operations, and its members have mostly joined the Salem Society, whose headquarters are only an hour's walk from town.

Roscoe G. Page, recently of Hampden, Maine, and lately of Biddeford, Maine, and a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C., died of consumption, at Hampden, a short time ago. He was an intelligent and active member of the Saco and Biddeford Association, and highly esteemed by his associates, who feel his loss severely.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cleaves, of Saco, Maine, recently lost their only remaining daughter, an amiable and intelligent young lady of twenty years. They have the sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their loss.

Prof. Job Turner, for many years a teacher in the Institution at Staunton, Va., has resigned his position and taken up his residence with his brother, in Malden, Mass. The Boston Deaf-mute Library Association recently elected him as one of the leaders of its Sabbath services. Mr. Turner, we believe, is a native of Massachusetts.

Oscar Kinnaman is in Providence, R. I., working for the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company, whose Superintendent reports him as the best drill-maker among the large force of workmen, and a first-class machinist generally.

Mrs. Minerva M. Follett, (Mowry) well known to our New England readers as an energetic, social and intelligent woman, resides at Woonsocket Hill, R. I., with her husband, (a hearing man) and three children, on a large and well-cultivated farm. Two children by a former marriage also reside with them. Mrs. Follett is one of the few mutes who have contracted marriage with hearing persons and have never regretted it.

Charles W. and Desire Mowry, a brother and sister of Mrs. Follett, carry on the old homestead farm, a short distance away, and their aged mother, a sprightly and pleasant old lady of eighty-two, resides with them.

Geo. W. Comstock and wife, both aged, but not infirm, live in Newport, R. I., where Mr. Comstock, for many years, was a fisherman, and noted for his success, of which last, abundant evidence exists in the ample comfort which surrounds their declining years.

—Fashionable among horses—coughing.

Deaf-Mutes.

MEETING OF THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION.

The Association of Deaf-Mutes held a highly interesting meeting at their hall on the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets last night. The object was two-fold. In the first place it was for the purpose of listening to a lecture by the Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute of unusual ability, who is engaged in mission work among the deaf and dumb. Mr. Mann has mission stations in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. In the second place, it was to give a reception to a deaf and dumb couple, married in this city Monday night. In the rear of the speaker's platform on which the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

to the Rev. A. W. Mann was written: REVEREND BROTHER: From time to time, when men of talent and piety have come to us bearing messages of truth and Christian counsel, we have welcomed them as benefactors, and when you, who, like ourselves, hear and speak a voiceless language only, come offering to teach us more of Him who, centuries ago, not only caused "the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak," but also became "the propitiation of our sins," we feel a thrill of inexpressible sympathy pervading our entire being—feel ourselves in the presence of an honored elder brother, and bid you welcome with a deeper, more intensified earnestness.

From personal experience, you know well the difficulties with which we have to contend in the acquisition of knowledge; you know, too, how long, how hard is the way by which most mutes attain to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and knowing that, you can better guide us in our upward struggle. We believe that the Almighty Master has said to you, "Go preach my Gospel. Feed my sheep." We honor you for the self-sacrificing zeal with which you have obeyed the command, and will receive your words as heavenly whisperings, praying the while that their sacred echoes may never die away.

THE SUBJECT OF MR. MANN'S LECTURE was "Excellence of Character," which was delivered in the sign language. The deaf and dumb reporter of *The Tribune* has become rather rusty in this language, and therefore could not report the lecture as fully as it deserved. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Emery, the teacher of the day school for deaf-mutes, mounted the platform and congratulated

THE YOUNG BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Mr. John Roth, of this city, and Miss Carroll, of Waverly, Ill., who were married the evening previous, on the happy event. His remarks were very facetious, and elicited unbounded laughter. He concluded by presenting the bride with a magnificent bouquet. Mrs. T. N. Rafington, the President of the Association, followed Mr. Emery, and wished the young couple happiness and joy in their journey through life. Several others made short and humorous addresses, some depicting the trials and tribulations of bachelors, and showing how much sicker and pleasanter it was to have a mate. Others again depicted the troubles of married life, and the botheration with the babies, which was particularly enjoyed by the girls. The Rev. Mr. Mann was also made the recipient of a beautiful bouquet. The members of the Association, all of whom are deaf and dumb, remained together until a late hour enjoying themselves heartily, and no discord whatever marred their pleasure. More than half of those present were young men and girls of a marriageable age, and they undoubtedly went away with the determination to do like Mr. Roth and Miss Carroll without delay. —Chicago Tribune, Sept. 30th.

A Day School for Deaf-Mutes in Chicago.

It was the pleasure of the writer recently to pay a visit to the school of that name located in one of the large rooms of the school building on Harrison street, near Lake. The pupils were engaged in blackboard exercises under the training of Prof. P. A. Emery, who has had much experience in the work. It is not very long since this school was organized, and it has prospered steadily ever since, the number of pupils increasing. The number admitted from the first has been twenty-one. Prof. E. thinks it could be somewhat increased by special efforts. The existence of the school and its privileges should be made more generally known, and all unfortunate for whom it is intended should be induced to attend.

This school is similar to others now in existence in Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis, and the one recently organized in Cincinnati. The crowded condition of the State institutions has made this organization necessary. It may be well to state that there is a growing feeling among well-known educators of deaf and dumb against the congregation of great numbers of pupils under one management. Their experience seems to favor smaller schools of from 175 to 200 pupils each. The highest number in attendance at any one State institution reached 600, and continued at about that figure, until other schools had to be organized in order to accommodate the increased number of applicants for admission. As the number of candidates for admission to our State institutions at Jacksonville increases and the means of accommodation decrease in proportion, it may be necessary in course of time to erect another school in the northern part of the State. Of the advantages of having more than one institution in the State it may perhaps be worth while to speak on some future occasion through the columns of the press. —Chicago Tribune, Sept. 17, 1875.

—A few nights since a barn and contents belonging to Mr. H. F. Parsons in Palermo, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Parsons was absent from home. The property was insured.

Wooden Wedding.

A very pleasant affair in the shape of a wooden wedding, came off at the residence of Mr. Geo. H. Bristol, on the Ridge, Thursday afternoon of last week. It was the fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. B. and Miss Nettie Noyes, of Brooklyn, E. D., who are both deaf-mutes, and graduates of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. About seventy of their friends assembled on the occasion, some twenty-five of whom were mutes, a table of sufficient capacity to accommodate the company, was set in the orchard near the house, where dinner was served. After dinner the time until the hour of separation, was spent in renewing old acquaintances and in forming new ones. The mutes had for the most part been fellow students in New York, and came from places near and far, to bid their old class-mates God-speed in the journey of life, and sing once more, in the language of the heart at least, the loved songs of other days, while those to whom the God of nature had been more lavish in his gifts, seeming to catch inspiration from their less favored but seemingly less happy brethren, vied with each other in trying to make the most of the fleeting hours. Mrs. Brownell, of Cambridge, repeated the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language of the mutes. Mr. Bristol and Mr. Samuel Kee, also a mute, added to the interest of the occasion by delivering several of their old pieces in the sign-language as they used to when at school. Mr. and Mrs. B. were the recipients of a number of valuable presents on the occasion.

One incident connected with the marriage of Mr. B. and Miss N., will be of interest to their friends at this time, although it happened five years ago. It having by some means got into the New York and Brooklyn papers that they were to be married in a certain church in Brooklyn, and in the sign-language, so great was the curiosity to see the ceremony that the church was crowded to overflowing, hours before the time set, and as the time for the ceremony drew near, a squad of police had to be sent for to keep a passage open for teams through the street, while to pass on the side walk was utterly impossible, so dense was the crowd. —Sund. Hill Herald, Sept. 23, '75.

The Authors of the "Spelling Mania."

And now it is said that the publishers of Webster's Dictionaries are responsible for the recent "Spelling Bee" excitement. Whether this is true or not, the spelling mania was a good thing, and it undoubtedly had a very excellent influence. Of all educational accomplishments, a proper knowledge of the orthography of our own language is certainly the most desirable, and of all the deficiencies in our educational methods, that relating to this is the most marked. And we were therefore going to say that whether the spelling excitement came about through the advertising efforts of the Webster publishers or not, one thing is quite clear, and that is that there is nothing that has helped to stimulate the wide-spread interest in the subject, or that is so nearly a Speller's *Vade Mecum* as Webster's Pocket Dictionary, sold for One Dollar, and to be had of almost any dealer in books. It is a marvel of compactness, containing about three hundred illustrations, over eighteen thousand words, brief but comprehensive rules for spelling, a large number of words from foreign languages, phrases, proverbs, etc. in common use. It is neatly bound in Morocco, with tucks and gilt edges. If not otherwise obtainable it may be had by mail from the publishers, Messrs. Ivison, Blackman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York, by enclosing to them the price, one dollar.

\$1,500 Verdict.

Lavinia Parks vs. Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company. The plaintiff purchased a ticket for Utica, at Brookfield, last October, during fair time, when many of the passenger coaches had been sent to Norwich. A freight train, with a box car attached, in which passengers sometimes rode, left the station soon after, and plaintiff, rather than wait for the regular train, some hours later, entered this box car and took a seat upon the board seat extending along the side of the car. The conductor and employees told her when she went in that it was not a proper place for her to ride. The cars started up suddenly and the seat gave way with four or five persons upon it and fell upon plaintiff's ankle, injuring it considerably. This suit was brought to recover damages. The defense moved for a nonsuit, claiming that the company were not liable and that plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence in riding on such a car on a freight train after she had been warned. The Judge denied the motion, holding there were some questions to be submitted to the jury. The jury brought in a verdict of \$1,500 for plaintiff. Spriggs & Matthews for plaintiff; Hulbert attorney, and F. Kernan, counsel for defendant. —Utica Herald.

A wire clothes-line agent called on a well-to-do farmer at Meriden, Cayuga County, and tried to sell him a wire clothes-line. The farmer declined, and the stranger made an offer to give him a line if he (the farmer) would give him a name as a reference to use in the vicinity. He gave him a name on a slip of paper presented by the stranger, and apparently carelessly folded, and about two weeks from that time received an invoice for wire amounting to \$100 as per order. The carelessly-folded paper proved to be an order made to a third party, and the best he could do in settlement was to pay \$30 to be released from the order or to take the wire and pay the bill.

—Mr. M. M. Tuller, of this town, was severely injured, one day last week, by falling off from a barn.

Minor Topics.

France has 123,000 industrial establishments, giving work to about 1,800,000 men.

The main centennial building at Philadelphia has 3,000 men at work on it and will be finished in January.

Three of the women candidates for County School Superintendents in California, successful.

Forty thousand people in Chicago have \$10,000,000 deposited to their credit in the savings banks in that city.

The Germans of Dayton, Ohio, agree to give up Sunday processions and celebrations.

The New York churches, about 350 in number, pay annually for music over half a million of dollars.

The distance from New York to Chicago on the Pennsylvania route is 913 miles, and 988 on the New York Central.

Chicago has eighteen steam elevators with a combined capacity of 15,350,000 bushels, representing a capital of \$6,000,000.

It is estimated that there are over 10,000 English sparrows in Boston's public parks, and the number is rapidly increasing.

Postmaster General Jewell has affected a reduction of the expenses in his department of \$50,000 from the expenses of last year.

Some of the good Samaritans of Chicago, gave thirty hospital excursions the past season, each averaging 300 sick children and their attendants.

By tables printed in the New York Herald, the population of the State of New York, according to the census of this year, is 4,916,000 and upward.

England has fast newspaper trains too. They run at sixty miles per hour, and the distributors are left barely time to distribute and chuck out the parcels at the way stations.

One-third of the vessels of the Italian navy are offered for sale at auction. Their original cost was ten millions of dollars; the price now asked for the whole lot is only one million.

The Amoskeag, Stark and Langdon cotton mills, at Manchester, jointly made \$500,000 profits last year, and the Manchester mills \$259,000 in fourteen months.

Benjamin Franklin, [as Postmaster General, established a post-office at Falmouth, Me., on October 5, 1775, and the centennial of the act was observed quietly at Falmouth on Tuesday of this week. The original commission, signed by Franklin, is still in existence.

It is said that the Government desires to find an ink that can be used to deface postage stamps and whose marks cannot be obliterated. A large sum is lost to the Government each year by the fraudulent use of washed stamps, against which no ink has yet been found proof.

Capt. Eads, who has the contract for deepening the channel of the Mississippi river by building jetties, and controls several miles of the land at the mouth of the river, will not allow saloons for the sale of liquor to be opened on it, having refused a hundred applications.

A handsome clock and pair of mantel ornaments, made of nickel and gold and elaborately chased, will be presented to ex-Treasurer Spinner by the employees in the Treasurer's office. The articles were purchased at a cost of \$500, and are now on exhibition at the Department.

Rev. Newman Hall laid the crowning stone of the Lincoln Memorial Tower, adjoining his new Surry chapel, Westminster Bridge, London, September 28. The tower, which cost £7,000, was erected by contributions from citizens of Great Britain and America. It is 200 feet high and is to have a spire of 20 feet.

The Elections on Tuesday.

In Ohio, Hayes, the republican candidate for Governor, is elected by a probable majority 15,000.

Iowa and Nebraska have also gone republican.

PARISH.

W. W. Hathaway has sold his house, lot and cabinet shop to G. W. Ludington. Col. Woodbury, of Orwell, has been in town the past week. The Colonel appears to be running for Assemblyman on a platform of his own, though heartily supported by the democrats. If he is elected he intends to be guided by his better judgment and not by the dictation of others. Honesty, sobriety and economy are the prominent planks in his platform. The Colonel is one of those kind of men who can see good things in his political opponents. He spoke in the highest praise of Captain Daggett, as being an honest and faithful public servant, and that he was sacrificed to gratify personal ends.

Your correspondent, M., of Central Square, asks in last week's Independent, "What office 'Odd' wants," and "Is his zeal for the political interests of the farmer, pure and disinterested?" Perhaps we can answer these interrogations easier than Mr. Humphries. Yes, we want a good fat, paying office. We have no name for it, but it is a kind of an office where there is not a lot of hungry, greedy lawyers who are after it. If M. can tell us the name of that office we will then know what office we want. To the other interrogative we will say we voted for Farmer Greeley in 1872, and for Farmer Warner in 1874, but in 1875 the farmer candidates are like angels' visits, few and far between. The farmers have been shamefully whipped in the political conventions. Farmer Daggett, an excellent legislator, was defeated to make room for a lawyer. Col. Woodbury is a farmer by profession, and continued in that profession till physical disabilities stopped him. We propose to vote for him. Sterling Newell, Esq., is more of a farmer than anything else, and we propose to vote for him, if Sterling will permit us, or not punish us for so doing. We suggest to all the farmers of Oswego county, to thoroughly examine the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors for the two or three years past, especially the poor-masters, and they will soon be convinced that the people are paying vastly more to support the poor than necessity requires. Retrenchment is needed, and to have retrenchment there should be a change of officers. Look at the enormous bills of superintendents, and for what? A well informed individual recently told us that it would be cheaper for the county to hire its poor boarded at the Doolittle House, Oswego, than to pursue the present course. Does any one suppose that our poor have the board at the Doolittle House boarders have? The inference is that there is considerable money squandered. We think it best to have a different watch dog to watch poor-masters. Let us try Sterling Newell. "By their fruits you shall know them," is scriptural, and it is an excellent test of sincerity. "M." can judge of sincerity as the scriptures declare.

Dr. Low and James A. Clark, of Palski, were in town the past week, looking after sheriff matters. Sheriff is an executive office, and it matters but little what his politics are if he is competent and will perform its duties well. There is a wise provision in our laws that a sheriff cannot hold the office but one term at a time. This provision undoubtedly means, if it means anything, and we believe it does, the sheriff should close his work when his term of office expires. Legally and properly his deputies work in his work, and their work should close when his does, and a new set of men should take their places. But there are a class of politicians who are seeking to nullify this wise law by continuing the office with the same set of men from term to term. Instead of the sheriff running again for office, one of his deputies run, and he becomes a deputy. One is a figure head for a term, and then another, and it makes no difference which. The law was enacted to avoid corruption in the office, but the course the politicians take does no such thing, they make corruption doubly sure. If politicians or anybody else seek to nullify and practically set at naught good laws, it is the bounden duty of the people to arise in the majesty of their strength, without distinction of party, and overthrow them, and make them feel that they are masters instead of dupes and bondsmen, and that both the spirit and letter of the laws must be regarded by our officers. Dr. Low heartily coincides with the ideas we have expressed. We know it from conversing with him, and he says emphatically if he should be so foolish and unwise as to seek to continue the office through henchmen, he hopes the people will squelch it beyond hope of resurrection. So he and his deputies will retire at the close of his term of office.

Republican politicians are very shy of our town since our terrible defeat in conventions. The republicans here are not in first rate mood to receive company, however, we think L. H. Conklin, Esq., would be an exception.

Parish, Oct. 11, 1875.

Consumption is impossible when coughs, colds, and other acute affections of the throat and lungs are promptly met with the required doses of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. For sale by all druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

—On Saturday night, the 9th inst., Mrs. Ansel Cook was removed by the angel of death from an earthly to a heavenly home. Always pleasant, tender and loving, devoted to her husband and family, and making her home happy, loved by all who knew her sterling worth, her death has saddened the hearts of all. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the inmates of the home whose light has been removed, and bid them look for comfort to the One who has said "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will comfort thee."

Postal Cards.

The United States Mail contains the following in relation to postal cards, which may be found useful: Postal cards are furnished to postmasters by the third assistant postmaster general, only on requisition on blank forms provided by that officer. They are not furnished to postmasters in quantities less than five hundred at a time. They may be used for orders, invitations, notices, receipts, acknowledgments, price lists, and other requirement of business or social life, and the matter desired to be conveyed may be in writing or in print, or partially in both. They are to be regarded by postmasters the same as sealed letters, and not as printed matter, except that in no case will unclaimed cards be returned to the writer. They are subject to the following rules: After they are once delivered they can not be remailed at less than letter rates of postage. They can be forwarded from one office to another on the same terms as letters, viz.: If they have not been delivered, they must not have anything pasted, gummed, tied or attached in any way to them. They must contain no writing or printing on the face or stamp side but the address. The violation of instructions in this paragraph renders them unavailable; but if such cards reach the office of deliveries, they should be charged postage at double rates. They must not bear any abusive, scurrilous, or obscene matter. They must not be redeemed by postmasters under any circumstances whatever. They are not receivable in payment of postage. They are not returnable to the writer, except by new postage at letter rates. If unmailable, undelivered, or refused, they are not to be sent to the dead letter office, but should be destroyed by burning, at the end of sixty days' receipt, except those having articles of value attached to them, and those upon which scurrilous epithets have been written or printed, or disloyal devices printed or engraved, which exceptions should be sent to the dead letter office.

NEW HAVEN.

Last week a daughter of Edward Robinson, aged about 4 years, was playing with the other children near a large flat stone leaning up against the wall. In some manner it fell over on the child, breaking her leg and otherwise injuring her. As it was a very heavy stone, requiring the combined strength of two men to lift it off, it is a great wonder that it did not kill her instantly. However she is now improving quite rapidly.

L. Marshall, son of John Marshall, of this place, was thrown from a wagon, the horse taking fright and running away, and broke his leg and sprained the other ankle very bad.

Last evening Miss Ella Bradner delivered a temperance lecture to a well filled house at the Cong. church. Miss Bradner possesses rare qualities as a writer, also delivers with ease and fluency.

One week from next Friday evening, Rev. C. Manson will deliver a lecture at the M. E. church, advocating temperance in its political bearings.

W. W.

New Haven, Oct. 11, 1875.

Dr. J. Dorman Steele, of Elmira, N. Y., and formerly of this village, recently gave what he called a "parlor talk" at the meeting of the New York Teachers' Association. His subject was "What a New York Teacher saw in the German Schools." He divided their schools into five different classes: Those for folks, the middle classes; the real school, the gymnasium, and knitting schools. The latter is for teaching girls to knit, sew and mend. While the gymnasium is for classical education and the polytechnic division is for scientific instruction. All children between fourteen and eighteen attend Sunday-school. When a girl is fourteen years old she is examined for confirmation, and must be able to answer seventy-three questions of the Catechism, repeat 1,367 verses of the Bible, and know forty-five hymns. The time in school is taken up altogether with recitations, and the lessons have to be learned at home. There are fixed rules for punishment in school, a bad child being struck so many times with a ruler of a prescribed size, according to the age. The salary of the average country teacher is about \$200, generally paid in produce.

County Council Patrons of Husbandry

The quarterly meeting of the Oswego County Council Patrons of Husbandry was held at the Granger's Hall, in this village, yesterday (Tuesday). Mr. J. R. Woodward, of New Haven, was chosen chairman, and John VanBuren, secretary. There was a goodly number of delegates in attendance, and several matters of interest were discussed and acted upon. A number of resolutions were read and adopted, which we shall publish in our next issue.

There are 22 Granges in the county, and most of them are in a flourishing condition.

—A tramp called at a house in Syracuse recently and made an appeal for old clothes. The lady of the house brought him a vest and pair of breeches in answer to his appeal, for he was very ragged. She thought they would fit comfortably. He examined them attentively, and, throwing them down, exclaimed, "There ain't no watch pocket nor no hind pocket for a pistol."

—Mr. David Roberts, of Richland, for three or four years past conductor of passenger trains on the Oswego and Rome railroad, has resigned. Mr. Charles Speer, formerly conductor of an accommodation train on the main line, has been transferred to the Oswego branch of the road to take Mr. Roberts' place.

The Central New York Institution.

The number of pupils present at this writing is forty-five. All are in good health and their improvement is marked and gratifying to their friends. We have no case of home-sickness to chronicle, which is saying something when the age of many of the new admissions is considered. The arrivals are, for the present, advisedly limited, pending the completion of the additional accommodations, on which work is being pushed. In a short time we shall be able to utilize the addition, and in a month at the farthest, will be up to our maximum of pupils receivable. Last week the whole school, by invitation of the managers, paid an afternoon's visit to the Oneida County Fair, held on the fair grounds, about a mile from the institution. The day was very pleasant and the pupils enjoyed the walk to the grounds immensely. There were many interesting and instructive things upon exhibition, and such as were advanced enough to comprehend, profited largely by what they saw. For the little ones, and those beginners of an older growth, opportunities were not wanting to interest. A dancing bear was among the attractions, and constantly the centre of a curious circle. Then there were ingenious swings, which lifted those who dared the risk, skyward, and brought them down swiftly, but gently enough to *terra firma*. Fruits there were and vegetables, too, in size from the mammoth squash down, and in delicacy from the crab apple up. The exhibition of live stock was very complete; and, with bits of everything to refresh the inner man, and the externals in countless variety to gratify the eye, a very pleasant afternoon was spent. It must be conceded, however, that the mutes were quite as much on exhibition as anything on the grounds. Returning home Principal Johnson chartered a colossal carry-all, and the Central New York Institution, individually and collectively, was driven back comfortably and in fine style.

The school was gratified the other day by a visit from Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet and Mrs. H. C. Rider. The ladies were stopping with friends in the city, and did not forget to make several visits at the institution, in which they have a deep interest. We enjoyed their visit much, and sincerely hope they did theirs.

Miss Harriet J. Roe, of Carry, Pa., arrived on Wednesday last to enter upon the duties of a position for which she is well qualified.

Mr. S. H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., gave us a call recently. He has for the past year or two had charge of the instruction of a deaf-mute in that place. He made a visit of a few days, and expressed himself much pleased with our methods of instruction, some of which he intends to adopt in his own work.

Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown, and Mr. J. J. Siegman, of Utica, were in town the other day, made a brief call at the institution, and spent the balance of the time with Prof. S.

Our Assistant Marlon is absent on a visit of a few days to her friends on the St. Lawrence; and with this not very interesting item, I think I have exhausted our stock of news, and will wind up with an apology for whatever dullness the reader may discern in the foregoing.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., 24 Oct., 1875.

Troy Notes.

The Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club held its first annual meeting on the 11th ult. The business of the meeting proceeded as usual. On the 25th ult. the Club met again according to adjournment. The question which had been proposed for discussion at this meeting, was—"Resolved, that a Republican form of government is preferable to a Monarchical form of Government." This debate opened with James Witbeck for the affirmative and John T. Southwick for the negative, and they were followed by a few volunteer speakers, who assisted them. The debate occupied nearly two hours. The question was submitted to the meeting for decision, and was decided in favor of the affirmative. The Club extended an invitation to Dr. Gallaudet, to deliver a lecture before the Society on the 30th inst., which has been accepted. It is hoped that the lecture will draw a full house from the city and surrounding vicinity.

John Saxton, of Troy, who has been under the instruction of Miss E. D. Clapp, went to the National Deaf-mute College, Washington, D. C., last week, to spend a couple of years in completing his education.

Hiram B. Brown, the recording Secretary of the Club, goes to New York in a few days to spend a week or so among his friends in that city. Being devoted to the study of machinery, he intends to visit the New York Fair to witness the workings of the machinery, which, no doubt, will give him a better insight in regard to the business.

OLD TUB.

Troy, Oct. 2, 1875.

What the Odd Fellows Did.

In the fall of 1867 the Grand Lodge of the United States, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, held a session in New York city, and were given a magnificent reception by their brethren of the State. They spent several days in visiting the public institutions of the metropolis, and one afternoon drove up to the New York Institution. There were many of them; representatives from every state in the Union, and they filled quite a space in the chapel of the institution. The exercises of selected members of the High Class were particularly pleasing and gratifying—so much that, when next in session, they passed a resolution, appointing a committee to present to the pupils some testimonial of their respect and regard. The testimonial was in the form of an elegantly bound copy of the Holy Bible, which is still treasured by every one of the recipients. Each copy

bears this inscription in letters of gold:

Presented by
Members of
THE GRAND LODGE, U. S.,
I. O. of O. F.,
To

September, 1867.

The following are the persons who received the testimonial:

Misses Annie Wager, Ellen M. Dunning and Sarah C. Howard and Messrs. Thomas H. Jewell, Rowland B. Lloyd, and Fort Lewis Selinoy. Mr. W. G. Jones received a like testimonial in recognition of his peculiar skill in pantomime.

It is quite worthy of remark that all of the above six have become teachers of the deaf themselves. K.

The Drunkard and What Rum Does.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. W. A. BOND, BEFORE THE MANHATTAN DEAF-MUTE LITERARY ASSOCIATION, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30, 1875, IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES, N. Y.

It is now autumn, and many of our citizens have returned from the country, and the watering resorts are being deserted, but our sparrows have not yet returned, nor has it become any the less necessary for us to inculcate the principles of temperance. There are many strong arguments in favor of temperance. The raindrops are liquid words, the thunder is eloquence, and the lightning is light in the support of temperance. Everywhere in nature we see lessons and arguments in favor of temperance. The flower lifts up its petals and drinks in water and is refreshed by it; the birds break forth in sweeter carols after a cooling shower, and as it is with these, so it is with all animated nature.

There are many arguments given you by eminent men on this interesting subject. There are many young men going unprotected, to whom, I think, the worst temptation is intemperance, and they must endeavor to avoid it. Your attention is kindly called to this temptation, as it besets you all, and even moderate drinking leads into the paths of wickedness.

Curiosity is probably the first cause of your fall, and you seem bent on testing everything by experience. Worldly influence leads many of you astray; but the sparkling wine offers greater temptations. "Beware of wine for it is a mocker." It is continual contact with evil which robs you of the ability to see its natural repulsiveness. Avoid, therefore, all familiarity with the cup, for human nature is weak and gives way easily under temptation. You all often think when you see the fallen and abandoned drunkard that you will never become like him, or fall as low as he has; but you must not forget that most of them once pillored their heads in innocence and purity upon their mothers' laps, as you once did. It was drop by drop that led them down till their descent became irresistible in its course. For instance, I know several young men of more than ordinary intellectual abilities, who bid fair for a brilliant career, as they possessed a wonderful imaginative mind and were esteemed and hailed as the best of the institution in which they pursued their studies. Yet they have fallen from the pinnacle to which they had been elevated by the high estimation of their fellow-students and venerable professors, by an excessive indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and I fear they will become moral as well as physical suicides. They will come to a premature end, and die under a cloud, confessing their sin and crying for mercy, and acknowledging with their expiring breath that they were led into paths of licentiousness by their fondness of the cup.

Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, saw the necessity of guarding us from sin and danger, for he taught us to pray "Lead us not into temptation," etc., and pass by and around it if you value your eternal welfare. The drunkard has repeatedly broken and disobeyed the physical and moral laws, the infraction of which he must, will and does suffer. The man who has fallen into habits of intemperance does not recover from his debauch immediately or regain his former steady nerves and clear eyesight in a day or even in a month. Those who offend the laws of God, must suffer the penalty as they are immutable. If you try to break from the habit, the cup will intrude from time to time, and must be met and fought down. The battle may be virtually won, but the scars as well as the pain, must remain. No one can trifling with the laws of God without suffering permanent injury and punishment. If God meant us to drink rum, we would have had it provided by nature, but there are no rains of rum, neither is there any alcohol in the blood. When the Lord wanted a strong man, he bade Samson neither drink wine nor strong drink; and to-day when a man is undergoing great physical exercise, he is required to abstain from rum. Drunkenness is a great crime, and the drunkard is a criminal and a suicide, and the Bible so regards him; for it says, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

By rum, the nation is being enervated, and its vigor destroyed. Most of the crimes which are committed, are caused by rum, and the rumrunner is in a great measure responsible. He must follow his murdered brothers to the bar of God, and when He calls the first fratricide to account, and shall ask the rumrunner, "Where are thy brethren?" To this he will have no escape and will have to answer the stern Majesty of eternal justice, "I slew them and brought endless perdition upon myself for the sake of a short and infamous life on earth."

Now, dear hearers, I ask you if it would be right for the rumrunner to go to the poor-houses where the idiots and insane, squalid and deformed are, and pass them with a laugh, saying, "I made this your home," or has he a right to stop the poor orphans on the streets and tell them that he robbed them of parents, homes, friends, bread and education, only to live in lazy ease himself; yet he has done all this, and much more.

Beer does not nourish the system, and every glass sold costs the drunkard's family a loaf of bread. Poverty, gambling, loss of business, friends and self-respect are companions of intemperance. It fills the penitentiary and almshouses with miserable lives, that finally fill premature and dishonored graves, and the drunkard's name is gone only to rot. Do you think it right that fifty workmen should be poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and have an abundance of money? Is it right to have a man sent to jail when another sold him the liquor that made him commit the crime, or does it pay to have one man hung for murder when another made him drunk at the time he did the deed? Is it right to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of misery, strife and want, while the rumrunner builds a large mansion for himself, wife and children to live in affluence and ease, while the mothers and children of the drunkard dress in rags, live in hovels daily, are hungry and finally turn into "scarecrows?" It costs \$11,000,000 to support the paupers in the United States, and it is said in one of our temperance journals, that during the last ten years, the use of liquor has imposed upon the nation a direct expense of \$600,000,000, destroyed more than 300,000 lives, sent about 100,000 children to the poorhouse, and committed at least 150,000 people to prisons and workshops. One of the same journals says it has caused about 1,000 suicides, and a loss by fires of at least, \$10,000,000; has made some 200,000 widows and left 1,000,000 orphans.

It would be clearly absurd for a man to suppose that drinking does not do any harm, for I find in one of the papers that there are more than 22,000,000 drunkards and out of that number, our temperance journals say that nearly 600,000 die annually from excessive drinking. I also see that there are 146,000 saloons in the country against 128,000 schools and only 54,000 churches, with 560,000 manufacturers of strong drinks which may be twelve times the number of clergymen and four times the number of teachers. Suppose 100,000 of these drunkards are imprisoned for crimes at an expense of \$90,000,000. would not it be a great loss to sober and industrious people? There are some 29,000 liquor distilleries in the Union, which employ 570,000 persons, and make about 72,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits annually. In England 146,000,000 gallons of beer are consumed yearly; in Germany, 121,500,000, and in France, 51,800,000 gallons of beer and 600,000,000 gallons of wine; while the consumption in the United States is 297,000,000 gallons of beer, 22,000,000 gallons of wine, and 73,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits. Each year 70,000,000 bushels of grain is consumed in the distilleries and breweries. These 70,000,000 bushels of grain, if ground into flour, would make 4,200,000,000 loaves of bread for the poor.

Intemperance deprives men of their reason and intelligence and destroys the peace and happiness of hundreds of thousands of families, and the authorities depend upon sober persons for money and support for these paupers.

Rumrunners are licensed not only to sell rum, but also to make the strong and industrious mechanic weak and idle; to lay a wise man low; to make a wife's fond heart break and make her children's tears flow. They are also licensed to kindle hate and strife, to nerve the thief's arm, to abet the murderer's knife, and to destroy the peace and quiet of many firesides; even to bring disease, want and woe into this world, and make it a hell for drunkards to dwell in.

I will give you the RUMSELLER'S PROPOSAL

to the devil. He begins by saying that "I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best attained by united action. I therefore propose a co-partnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours."

The rumrunner also says: Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars. Bring me the child, and I will dash to the earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother. Bring me the father and mother and I will plant discord between them and make them a curse and a reproach to their children. Bring me the young man and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth. Bring me the mechanic or the laborer and his money—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the warm-hearted sailor and I will send him on a lee-shore, and make shipwreck of all his fond hopes forevermore. Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of the heart. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the church. Bring me the patronage of the city and of the courts of justice—let the magistrates of the State and Union become my patrons—let the law-makers themselves meet at my table and participate in violation of the law, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets. Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man, if possible, bring the moderate temperance man, though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretenses under which our business must be masked. Bring him to my stores, oyster saloons, eating houses and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.

THE DEVIL'S ANSWER.

When I received your kind letter, I shouted 'till the welkin of Hell echoed the shout, "Eureka! Eureka!" Yes, my dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable seat in my kingdom. In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Jesus is making in saving men from my clutches, for you see I have for many years sought in vain for a man to do my work as you have offered. I have ransacked the lowest depths of Hell for a devil to do the work of destruction, but my minions have always proven a failure. I sent out the demon "Murder," but he slew a few thousands, most generally the helpless, innocent and poor. I then bade my servant "Lust" to go forth, and he led many innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains—destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting characters, and caused untimely deaths and dishonest graves. This was not a success, and I had to send out "Avarice," but few fell by him. The twin brothers "Pestilence and War" were then let out, and "Famine" stole behind them, and they slew the bad and innocent, and Heaven received as many accessions as Hell. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will no more trouble you. All I claim is the souls, and you the money of all victims.

Friends and acquaintances, never touch the cup, but try to mend your life, and that is all your Saviour wants of you, and by continuing in sin you will bring upon yourselves trouble and misery. None of you ought ever to volunteer to go in the path of wickedness, and fear not to offend yourself by breaking the acquaintance of God, for the steps lead the way straight down to hell. Walk the right path and you will find peace, God's Angel sitting by your side with its wings folded, and you will then find yourself in safety by coming into the arms of Jesus Christ, your Saviour.

Auburn Prison.

A correspondent of the Sun, who is "writing up" the prisoners of the State, makes these notes on Auburn prison: The library contains 2,500 volumes of well selected, valuable, interesting and instructive books. It is under the careful, personal supervision of Rev. William Searles, who is a model chaplain, ever considerate of all means for promoting his great work of moral reformation of those confined to his care, yet sufficiently human in his sympathies not to lose sight of the temporal good of his uninviting host of parishioners. With the assistance of four teachers, he carries on a night school for the instruction of such convicts as may come here in ignorance of the rudiments of learning.

The punishments used in Auburn prison are the "iron cap," "swing," and dark cell. The first named is a cage for the head, fastened on by a collar about the neck. It is wholly of iron, and weighs from seven to ten pounds. The "swing" is simply an arrangement, by means of ropes and a pulley, for hoisting a culprit up by his wrists. The torture thus inflicted must be very great, yet men have been known to endure it for nine hours continuously before they would succumb. Bad as it is, it cannot equal that fearful invention of diabolical ingenuity, the dark cell. This latter punishment is only inflicted in extreme cases, never until Dr. Button, the resident physician, has thoroughly examined the culprit condemned to it, and has pronounced him free from predisposition—hereditary or otherwise—to scrofula or diseases of the lungs and brain. Even with all this care Dr. Button and Warden Carpenter are both exceedingly reluctant to avail themselves of this extreme measure for the preservation of discipline. The former does not hesitate to affirm that the dark cells have murdered many men and driven mad many more, and he stoutly advocates even the shower bath as more merciful and at the same time more effective. Chaplain Searles unites with them in pronouncing the cat-o-nine-tails "a hundred times more humane than the dark cell."

Statements from Business Men.

TO THE PUBLIC OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.

[We have been requested to publish the following circular, which is signed by the leading business men of Syracuse:]

The undersigned, some of the business men of Syracuse, assure the public that at no time has there been any danger of the Small Pox in the business portion of our City, and no Churches, Halls, Hotels or business places, have been closed, and no Schools, except temporarily in a remote part of the City, which are now open.

The disease is under thorough control—every place where it exists is under strong guard, allowing no intercourse with the outside. The main business portion of the City has been from the first and is now entirely free from it; the principal avenues leading to it are also free from it.

In confidence and upon our character as honorable men, deeply impressed with the importance of what we say, we declare it as our conviction that there is no danger in visiting the business portion of the City, and at least three-quarters of our City, where there is no case of this disease.

Dated Syracuse, October 8th, 1875.

A new canal boat, built at Oswego, was laden with 10,740 bushels of barley October 6 the largest lading, it is said, ever carried by a canal boat on the canals of this State.

—Col. Woodbury was in town on Tuesday, looking as genial as ever. If his prospects of election are as bright as his countenance is pleasing he is sure of being member of Assembly.

News of the Week.

Most of the valuable bank letters from the Providence post-office to Boston were stolen a few nights ago.

The prohibitionists of Massachusetts have nominated John J. Baker for Governor, and the labor reformers, Wendell Phillips.

General H. V. Boynton will publish a lengthy review of Sherman's memoirs soon.

The English Admiralty have suspended the circular of July 31, ordering the surrender of the fugitive slaves found on Board British ships.

Burmah has agreed to allow the passage of British troops through Burmese territory to Yunnan, if another expedition thither is necessary.

Rev. Thomas Ryder, of Nottingham, England, was found dead in bed at the residence of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hartford, Ct., on Thursday.

John Gorham, president of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, has failed.

Three negroes were killed in the Friar's Point outbreak, Wednesday.

Brown, Stevens and Williams, Glasgow, sugar refiners, have failed.

The Supreme Court, general term, decides that the Tweed case must be tried on the merits, and gives defendant seven days to answer.

Judge Donahue on Friday granted an order sanctioning the conclusions reached by the English stock and bondholders of the Erie railway in conferring with receiver Jewett.

There is a foot of snow on Coulogne, about one hundred and fifty miles from Ottawa, Ont.

The Bombay Times reports a severe outbreak of cholera in the province of Mysore.

Rates on fourth-class coast bound freights from Chicago have been increased five cents per 100 pounds.

Smith, the colored sheriff of East Feliciana Parish, La., telegraphs to Acting Governor Antoine that when opening court Friday, at Clinton, he was beaten, driven out of the court house, shot and compelled to flee for his life.

Judge Elcock has sentenced Westervelt charged with being implicated in the abduction of Charlie Ross, to seven years, in State prison, at solitary confinement, and fined him one dollar. Westervelt received his sentence calmly.

Friday morning, the house of George Forrest, at Bay City, was entered by some person unknown, who poured a quantity of acid on the face of Mrs. Forrest as she lay asleep. She is horribly burned and will lose her eyesight.

Diplomatic relations between Holland and Venezuela have been broken because Holland refused to indemnify Venezuela for alleged intervention by Dutch subjects at Curacao in Venezuelan affairs.

A freight train on the New York Central Railroad ran off the track near Rochester Saturday and dashed through the depot, killing the engineer and firemen.

It is proposed in the execution of the contemplated Turkish reform that the administration of the disaffected provinces be entrusted to a governor-general having the confidence of the Christian subjects of the Sublime Porte.

Ex-United States Senator Pease, United States Attorney Wells and the Attorney-General of Mississippi yesterday called upon Attorney-General Pierrepont, at Washington, and assured him that there was no necessity for sending troops to protect the peace of that State.

Senator William Johnson died at Seneca Falls, Monday, of apoplexy.

The North Carolina constitutional convention has adjourned sine die, after a session of 31 working days and the passage of many important ordinances.

Recent rains have swollen the rivers and streams in England, and great loss of property has been caused by inundation, loss of life also being reported.

The Spanish Government has declared, in reply to the Vatican, that it will respect the Concordat excepting where it interferes with the internal affairs of Spain.

Serious disturbances occurred at Shenandoah and Mahony City, Pa., Saturday, the police being red upon and buildings burned.

Prof. Jamney has discovered gold in the Bear Lodge Mountains, W. T.

Moody will begin his revival work in Philadelphia, Oct. 31, instead of in Brooklyn.

The English steamer Biscay, from Constat for Bremerhanen, stranded, and eleven persons drowned.

The Pope will send to the Philadelphia centennial mosaics of the Madonna by Raphael, and of St. Agnes by Gentili.

—Last Sunday the M. E. Church, of this village, raised \$336, which completely paid off the church debt, leaving a balance in the treasury for several needed improvements. Besides this, the society raised \$405 one day last March for the same object. Altogether, there has been about \$850 raised since the 1st of March, to free the church from debt. We congratulate the society upon having been so successful in removing old incumbrances.

—Class Leaders Convention at Pulaski, to-morrow (Thursday) evening and Friday.

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyment of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. DEPARTMENT EVERY

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



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AGENTS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co, N. Y.

THE
Beautiful Mormon,
OR,
Among the Colorado Indians!

A STORY OF THE MOUNTAIN
MEADOW MASSACRE.

BY MAJOR ALFRED ROCHFORD.

CHAPTER I.
A THOUGHT OF FREEDOM.

"You must marry him! Not another word! He will be here to-night, and the wedding cannot be postponed beyond the morning."

Isaac Henderson, the Mormon Elder, grew very red in the face as he spoke, and his little red eyes seemed ready to pop under his bushy eyebrows as he glanced at his daughter.

"But I cannot love this man, Saul Grisco. He is old enough to be my father, and has children married, besides other wives. Why should he want me?" said Lucy Henderson, an appealing look in her beautiful black eyes, as she turned them on her father.

Her red lips trembled, and with outstretched arms she made a hesitating step toward him.

"Can't love him! What does he care for your love? Saul Grisco ain't a milk-sop of a boy! Do you hear me?"

"I do, I do," she sobbed.

"Then hear me further. When you are his wife, you must obey him. But do you know who you are now?"

"Your daughter, I believe."

"Yes, my daughter; and until you are married you must obey me. Do you understand?"

"I understand but too well," she answered, the tears on the long lashes increasing the size and brilliancy of her glorious eyes.

Isaac Henderson was about to leave the room; he had gone as far as the door, which he held partly open, when, looking back, he saw Lucy standing with bowed head, the picture of dejection, on the spot she had occupied for the last ten minutes.

He was a heavy-set, coarse-looking man, with not the slightest resemblance to the beautiful girl before him.

Her appearance may have touched his heart, or he may have been prompted by a generous feeling to explain his cruel conduct. No matter what the motive, he came back, and said:

"Lucy, Elder Grisco has me in his power. To-morrow he could justly claim everything I have in the world. He will free me the moment you are his wife. You can see my motives!"

He had walked back, and now attempted as he spoke, to lay his hand in a consoling way on her shoulder.

Lucy shrank from the touch, and trembled visibly as the rough fingers touched her, but she remained silent.

"You would ruin me—your father—to gratify a whim," he said, in a tone that but ill-concealed his suppressed anger.

"Say rather you would curse my life, and sell me like a slave in order to retain your property, mortgaged to gratify your taste for liquor, and your love for gambling with the Gentiles."

Lucy stepped back, raised her head, and looked boldly at the man before her.

Isaac Henderson was for the moment stunned by this unexpected opposition. Under the laws of the Mormon Church, this girl was his property as much as ever was slave the property of a West India master, and he had the control of her in every way but that of taking her life unprovoked.

He had made a pledge to Elder Grisco, and that pledge he determined to keep—not with any many idea of the honor of his word, but with the selfish motive of buying himself clear from the man who held him in his power.

"There is no use in reasoning with you. You know my decision, and you must make up your mind to abide by it. This time to-morrow you will be the wife of Elder Grisco."

Isaac Henderson again walked to the door, and, turning again, looked at the fair girl, who, like a statue of despair, again stood with clasped hands and bowed head in the middle of the room.

"I know what you are thinking about now," he hissed, showing his yellow teeth.

"Of what am I thinking?" she asked.

"Of that long-haired, smooth-faced, oily-tongued Gentile, Paul St. Clair. Didn't I tell you he was dead—killed, back among the canons, by the Utes, into whose territory he went to hunt for gold? It is well they did kill the dog for had he come to the Virgin River again, he would never have left it alive. Banish him from your mind; you have seen him for the last time."

Isaac Henderson closed the door after him with a loud bang, and, unnoticed the act, Lucy still stood pale-faced and buried in thought.

After a time she roused herself, with an effort, her whole appearance changed, and clenching her hands, she stamped one little foot on the floor, and in an intense whisper, said:

"It is false! Paul St. Clair lives; but he is powerless to aid me now when most I need his words of wisdom, and the protection of his swift foot and strong arm. Oh, I am helpless!—so weak and helpless!"

She sank into a chair, and burying her pale face in her little white hands, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

The beautiful white girl has a clouded heart.

Lucy was startled from her reverie, and glancing up she saw before her an Indian girl, but little older than herself. A tall, splendidly-formed being, looking more like an Aztec queen than one of the nomad tribes that infested the mountains.

Zelona was in truth an Aztec, of the Moqui nation, captured years ago, with her brother, by the Navajos. They had been subsequently purchased from the fierce tribe by Isaac Henderson, and now acted as servants in his family.

"Yes, Zelona, my heart is clouded and never again can the sunlight of happiness touch it. Hope in me is dead," Lucy rose and threw her arms about the Indian girl's neck.

"Speak not so. Hope in me is ever alive, and though I remain here till my hair is white as the snow on the mountains above the valley, yet will I still feel that I am to spend the last of my life among the people of my fathers, and be buried in the shadow of my native hills. But tell me why you are cast down. I, at least, am your friend, as is my brother Ulay."

"I am sure of that, Zelona; but neither of you can help me now," sobbed Lucy.

"Let me hear first your trouble, then we can judge if there be a remedy," said Zelona, stroking the beautiful head that now rested on her shoulder.

Lucy related everything about her approaching marriage, and added:

"But, Zelona, I would rather die!"

"You would run the risk of death to escape this man?"

"Yes, Zelona, the risk of a thousand deaths!"

"And your heart still turns to the handsome young white man, Paul St. Clair?"

"It does."

"Do you believe he is dead?"

"No; I cannot believe it Zelona."

"You would be willing to attempt an escape from this place?" asked Zelona, earnestly.

"I would. But whither can I fly? To the north and south stretch the Mormon settlements; to the west the lifeless, waterless desert; to the east the great Colorado, with its impassable canons, and its herds of savage Indians. There is death wherever I turn."

"That may be, but we have a choice of deaths. And then, Lucy, there is something more to be dreaded by you than death!"

"Yes, yes, Zelona, I understand you. Only open an avenue that promises any hope, no matter how desperate, and I will follow it. See—night will be here in a few hours, and whatever we do must be decided on at once."

"I understand that. Keep of good heart, I will soon return."

With another gentle caress, Zelona vanished as silently as she came. With quick steps she crossed the garden to the rear of the house, and entered an adobe building on the opposite side.

The room in which she found herself was a low workshop, with a rude furnace at one end, and broken agricultural implements, mining tool and fire-arms scattered around.

A tall man was bending over a bench, absorbed in the contemplation of a rifle-lock which he held in his hand; yet he caught the fall of the light-foot behind him, and turning, it was easy to see he was the brother of the Indian girl.

He had the same handsome but sad features, the same splendid sweep of limb and grace of bearing.

"Is my brother Ulay busy?" asked Zelona, in a low, sweet voice.

"Always busy, my sister, but always happy to have you near me, and to listen to the music of your voice," said Ulay, laying down the rifle, and gently placing his hand on his sister's shoulder.

"I have much that is weighty to talk to you of," she began, then hesitated.

"My heart hangers for your words, Zelona."

"You have often planned escape from here. You know the trail that lies between the great canon, and leads to the villages of the Moquis?"

"I do, my sister."

"Long ago you would have risked escape in that direction, but for the love you bear for me and the beautiful white girl?"

"This is true, Zelona," he said, in a sad tone.

"The road is difficult and dangerous, but I can trail it, and will go on one condition."

"What is that?" he asked, in surprise.

"That you take with you the white girl Lucy."

"But would she go?"

"Yes."

Zelona then briefly related Lucy's condition, dwelling on the fact that she was to be married to Elder Saul Grisco in the morning, and that her only hope of avoiding this alliance, which was worse than death to her, was by immediate flight.

"Do the wives of Henderson know anything of this?" asked Ulay.

"Yes, they know all about the marriage. Lucy's mother has been long dead, and these women, seeing her influence over her father, are only too anxious to get rid of her."

"She calls him father, Zelona, but I have ever thought that a different blood courses in her veins. Lucy can ride well?"

"You know she can—as well as you or I."

"And her heart would not fail her in the hour of danger?"

"No, Ulay. She is brave as she is beautiful."

"Then the Moquis nation holds not her equal for courage," said the young man, his dark eyes flashing, and the hot blood burning in his red brow.

"Will you make all the arrangements?"

"I will; but come to see me in an hour." Zelona left him again alone in the little shop, where he stood for some time, with folded arms, buried in deep thought.

The prayed for opportunity had come. Captivity had been sweet, shared with his sister and near Lucy. Now came the occasion when he might be free, and still near them.

His lips grew firmer, and turning, he opened a box, took out a lot of arms, and began carefully to examine them, with the air of one who might be called on to use them, and who would be ready when the time came.

CHAPTER II.
FOR FREEDOM.

The sun had gone down, and in that land of brief twilights night follows fast

on the sinking.

Isaac Henderson had finished supper, in the company of his three wives and half-score of children.

Lucy excused herself from the table, on the plea of illness. Poor child, how could she feel like eating, under the circumstances?

In her own room, however, she was busy selecting the few articles she might need. From the drawer of a bureau she took a gold locket, attached to a chain, and looking for a moment at the picture, she kissed it, then put the chain about her neck, and secreted the picture in her dress. She could not remember her dead mother, but her father had told her this was her picture.

She had often wondered how a being so beautiful and angelic, as the face of her mother showed her to be, could have married such a man as her father. She thought of this again to-night, and she found an answer to the mystery in her own case.

After she had made up, the little bundle she intended to take with her in her contemplated flight, she opened the window, and handing it out, it was seized by a person who had evidently been waiting for it in the garden.

She had put out the light, and was about to walk out to the dining-room, which was also used as a sitting-room, when she heard her father's voice talking to some person in no pleasant tones, and she waited, with the window raised, to listen.

"And this is the news you bring me, Bill Cogswell, after I've spent hundreds to get that fellow out of the way?" said Henderson.

The man addressed as "Bill Cogswell" answered in a tone so low and monotonous that it formed a striking contrast to the excited voice of the Mormon.

"I never told ye for sure he was killed. I needn't have told ye to-night he was livin'; but in all my deals, you know, I'm in for talkin' fair, an' I allus sticks up to my 'greements. Now I know Paul St. Clair is livin'."

I know he's gone down Cathedral Canon, an' I know, too, that if him an' his frien's ever leave that, it won't be the blame of Mezal and his Utes. Them chaps are treed for good!"

"Then why did you and this band of Indians come here again to-night? I believe I've paid you all I owe you."

"You paid all you promised for the job, Elder Henderson, that's a fact; but men like you allus has jobs on hand. Ye see ye ain't able to do them things up like ye uster. Then, elder, we've heard as how this gal of your'n is a-goin' to be married to that ole he-angel, Elder Saul Grisco, and we thought ye mont'n't object to havin' a few frien's near to enjoy the weddin' with you."

This was said in the same cool, impudent tone, and for the moment Elder Isaac Henderson was nonplussed.

"Very well! Make yourselves at home. Ulay will get you something to eat. But don't bring any of the Utes into the house."

Bill Cogswell laughed, and the laugh was in keeping with his voice.

"I'm sorry you won't let 'em come in the house, elder. Them Utes is very delicate, an' ain't used ter sleepin' 'cept on feather beds, an' inside two-story houses; but if you could send down a little whiskey, I might prevail on 'em, though every man of 'em is a chief, to sleep in the stable."

"I don't want them to go near the stable."

"But where can I take them?" asked the imperturbable Bill.

"Take them to—"

The elder was about to say something harsh in his anger, but he changed his mind, and told Bill to do as he pleased, provided he kept 'em out of the house and stable with the Utes.

The elder walked off, and Bill Cogswell stood for some time in the same spot, and Lucy heard him say, in the same tone:

"I wonder if he'd let us sleep with the dogs?"

Then he walked slowly away.

While Lucy stood by the window, peering into the darkness, from the very spot which the ruffian had occupied a few moments before, she saw a tall form rising and gliding noiselessly toward her, till it stood near the window.

"Ulay!" she whispered.

"Yes, I."

"When will all be ready?"

"All would have been ready now, but for the coming of this Cogswell and his Utes."

"Are they in the way?"

"Yes; but before midnight I will dispose of them. Keep up a good heart."

"I will, Ulay. But tell me, do you know where great Cathedral Canon is?"

"I do. But why do you ask?"

"Paul St. Clair is there."

"Paul St. Clair?" whispered Ulay, as if the words gave him pain.

"Yes, I heard this man Cogswell tell my father so to-night."

"His would be a strong arm to have with us; but there is danger by that road."

"And danger by every road, Ulay."

"True; but prudence can avoid much."

"I will leave all with you. I will remain here."

The tall form bowed and then noiselessly disappeared.

Lucy sat down, looking up at the stars, but not seeing them. How long she sat there she knew not, but she was at length startled by the barking of the dogs, and, listening, her heart seemed to give a great bound, that nearly suffocated her, after which it throbbed and fluttered, like a caged bird beating its bars, for she heard the rattle of wheels, and the clatter of advancing horses.

While she stood trembling, and holding on to the window sill for support, the door opened noiselessly behind her, and Zelona glided in and threw her arms about the frightened white girl.

"Courage, courage, my beautiful sister! He has come; but you have not yet gone with him."

"With whom, Zelona?"

Lucy knew, but in her anguish she

hoped the reply would not be the one she expected.

"Elder Saul Grisco?"

"But he was not expected till midnight."

"No. But there he is now. Hark! your father is speaking to him. There seems to be many of them. Courage! courage!"

Zelona kissed the pale face of the trembling girl, then disappeared as she had entered.

Lucy had not long to remain in doubt; for shortly after Zelona left, her father knocked at the door, and in a voice evincing agitation, he said:

"Lucy, my dear, Elder Grisco has come, and he says he is dying to see you."

Pushing back the masses of waving brown hair from her low, white forehead, she obeyed the summons conveyed in her father's words, and walked into the room, where the loud, rough voices told her Grisco and his friends were.

"She's coming—eh, elder?" asked Grisco.

"Yes; she will be here in a moment," said Henderson, nervously glancing back at the door from which Lucy was to make her appearance.

Elder Saul Grisco was a short, stout man, with a grizzled head and beard, and a thick, red throat. His heavy features were lit by two cunning, cold, and fox-like eyes. He was about fifty; but, as he moved about the table, on which Zelona was now placing refreshments, he limped as if one leg were much shorter than the other, so that, in moving, he seemed at least ten years older than when he stood still.

At last the door opened, and every eye was turned to look on the beautiful girl—more beautiful for her very pallor—who stood hesitating to enter.

"Lucy, this is Elder Grisco. You have not seen him for years," said her father pointing to the elder.

Lucy bowed, but made no effort to meet the man now limping toward her.

"What, my little beauty, my Mountain Lily! is this the greeting you give the man whose wife you are to be this very night? Come, let me salute you, as is the custom of such occasions."

Grisco reached out his arms, but, with a shudder of aversion, she shrank back, while a loud, brutal laugh rang out from the men about the table.

"Wait till I have performed the ceremony after supper, elder, and the maiden will not be so coy," said a tall, thin man, with a dirty white neckcloth.

"Very well, very well! but, Lucy, you will at least shake hands with me?"

Elder Grisco reached out his hand, and Lucy placed her cold little fingers in his grasp.

"Now, Lucy, we will excuse you. Go and dress. Elder Grisco is compelled to leave by daylight, and it is decided that the ceremony comes off to-night; that is the reason he and his friends pushed through so fast to-day."

Lucy bowed, and with a feeling of relief retreated from the choking atmosphere of Grisco's presence to her own room.

The white dress she was to wear on this occasion had been long prepared. Lighting the lamp, she dropped the white muslin window curtain, then looked at the dress as if it were a shroud, and was about to cast it from her, but a more prudent resolution came to her. She must seem to acquiesce till the last moment—everything depended on this.

It did not take long to throw the dress over the garments she then had on, and she had scarcely done so when the eldest of Isaac Henderson's wives, a stout woman with masculine features, came in.

"Ah! I'm glad to see you ain't got any tantrums. You allus have 'em—thought you might have 'em to-night. They might do with your father and me, who's been willin' to bear with 'em, but they won't go down with elder Grisco. He is a man you'd oughter feel proud of. My, how many gals in this valley would jump at the chance of marrying a man nigh as powerful in the world's goods, an' among the saints, as the Prophet himself."

The senior Mrs. Henderson rattled on in this consoling way, but Lucy was deaf to the maternal eloquence so freely lavished on the saintly Grisco.

Perhaps the old woman saw her words were unheeded, or it may be that she felt they were unnecessary at this late hour, when preparations were being made for the ceremony outside; so she left, after giving some further advice on the necessity of a modest and proper deportment during the ordeal through which the noble Grisco was about to pass.

Mrs. Henderson, senior, had scarcely closed the door behind her, when Lucy secreted a small pistol in her breast—it was a present from Paul St. Clair, which she had nearly forgotten—and then she lowered the light till it looked like a glow worm.

Raising the curtain, she looked out in the direction of the stables, from which a good deal of noise proceeded, for Grisco's party had brought a good many horses.

From the dining-room she heard the loud voices of the men at supper, the clatter of knives and dishes, and the boisterous laughter of her would-be husband and his companions.

While she was wandering where Ulay was, that person appeared, as if he had risen from the ground under the window.

"Patience! The white girl must keep good heart; soon all will be ready."

"But, Ulay, where are the horses?"

"All saddled and waiting."

"Then why not start now—at once?"

"There are many Mormons about the stables, and Cogswell and his Utes are watching. But that white dress—that will be dangerous," he said, as in the indistinct light he recognized her costume.

"True; but I can tear it off in a see and the moment we start. It is necessary to leave as soon as possible, for this ceremony—the mockery of marriage—is over."

"You are sure?"

"I am certain."

"Then wait here. Zelona must understand this and be ready."

Ulay sank, vanished as if he had dropped into the earth from which he seemed to have risen.

How long the minutes were! And yet if Ulay could not carry out his plans, they would be all too short. Every sound added to the flutter of her heart, and the noise in the dining-room gradually died out, warning her of the approach of the dreaded time.

Zelona entered softly, and whispered they were making ready.

"Who, Zelona?"

"The Mormon elders."

"And Ulay?"

"He too has been working, and his plans are complete; but danger lies between us and the horses."

"Danger! There is danger on every hand. But in the name of the God whom you worship as the Sun, and I as the Dispenser of all good, lose not a moment. I am ready!"

"And we will be. You must pass out the window. In ten minutes I will be outside. Leave that white dress behind you."

"I will, Zelona. But speed, my sister, as you love me!"

Zelona kissed her, and had scarcely closed the door behind her, when the elder Mrs. Henderson again put in an appearance.

"It seems to me you are mighty pertickler about your dress to-night," she began; adding, "An' I hope ye'll be as pertickler to please the good elder arter you become his wife."

"I wished to look well," said Lucy, with an effort to appear calm.

"You look well enough. Come out; everything is ready."

The elder's wife opened the door, as if to let the victim pass through, but at that moment one of the brown tresses fell over the pale face.

"Go out till I fix these. It will only take me a minute."

Lucy stepped back and made a motion as if she would shut the door behind the senior Mrs. Henderson; but that strong-minded and unamiable person was not to be got rid of so easily.

She saw her presence was not agreeable at this time to Lucy, but Mrs. Henderson considered this all the more reason for having her own way. She had never yielded to Lucy, nor allowed her to have her own way, from the moment she first saw her, and she did not intend to relinquish a particle of her authority by assuming a gentleness or acquiescence she did not feel to-night.

Stirred by these amiable emotions, Isaac Henderson's senior wife came back, and, folding her arms, sat down on the bed, saying as she did so:

"I will wait until you fix your hair."

Lucy looked at her a moment, and it was evident the woman did not feel comfortable under her burning gaze, for she rose and said:

"Oh, I'm willing to help you! I only want you to understand it ain't considered becomin' or good manners for one so young as you to keep one so old as Elder Grisco waitin'."

"And I don't consider it good manners for you to remain, uninvited, in the room of a woman who is preparing for the marriage ceremony," said Lucy, in a tone so decided that the senior Mrs. Henderson, with all her ferocity and assumption of authority, began to feel alarmed.

"You don't want me to help you, then?" asked she, rising and making a step in the direction of the door.

"No—if I wanted you you would not stay. During the long years I have been in this house, and nominally in your care, you never before offered to help me. I never wanted your help, for I knew you hated me, and I was glad you did, that I might have a reasonable foundation for the instinctive loathing I have ever had for you. We are about to part to-night forever. Let us do so with a proper understanding of each other. I have finished now. Oblige me by leaving this room!"

To say the senior Mrs. Henderson was astounded at this exhibition of independence on the part of Lucy would but faintly convey an idea of that woman's feelings. She was thunderstruck, dumbfounded, and could not find a word to begin a reply. Indeed, it was not for a week after this, when calmly deliberating over this interview, that she was at all able to build up replies to Lucy's charges, and then of course it was too late to say anything.

Both women stood looking at each other; but gradually the senior quailed, and, shrinking out of the room like one thoroughly and unexpectedly beaten, she closed the door behind her.

Lucy locked the door, after listening, to be assured by the retreating steps that the senior wife of Isaac Henderson was gone; then she hastened back, hastily arranged her hair, and, lowering the light, she raised the window and looked out.

Darkness in the garden, and the loud voices of coarse men in the stables.

Not a moment to spare. She heard her name whispered, and answered, in a tone equally low:

"I am coming!"

She tore off the white dress, and threw it on the bed, like a hated thing whose touch was corrupting; then she sprang lightly to the window again.